

The Bloomfield Record.

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

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The Bloomfield Record.

Is Independent, Weekly Newspaper.
Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-Class Advertising.

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4 "	200	400	1000	3000	5000	10000
5 "	250	500	1250	3750	6250	12500
6 "	300	600	1500	4500	7500	15000
7 "	350	700	1750	5250	8750	17500
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We Come and Go.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.
Yes, he is dead
Would then be said:
The corn would rise, the grass would lay,
The cattle low,
And summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.
How soon we pass?
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mold!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodded churchyard cold!
Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn our death;
A day or more,
Another takes our place instead.

THE DIAMOND RING.

The stormy night was closing darkly,
and the rapidly descending snow seemed
to fill the air with a wilderness of whir-
ling white plumes. But Mrs. Trevor's
boudoir, with its luxuriant appointments
and cheerful fire, seemed almost like a
bit of summer light and warmth in
the midst of the dreary twilight.
Ellen Hope, the pale young seam-
stress, had just folded up the costly sat-
in dress on which she had been working
all day, and was putting on her faded
bonnet, when Mrs. Trevor herself swept
in.
"What! going already? Be sure
and come early to-morrow morning, for
I am in a great hurry about that dress."
"Yes, ma'am," said Ellen, still linger-
ing, however, as if she expected some-
thing more. But Mrs. Trevor went on
tossing over the trifles on the table, as
if in eager search for some missing toy;
and, after a minute's hesitation, she
added: "If you please, ma'am, I am in
a great hurry this evening—would it be
convenient for you to pay me for the
day's work now?"
"Not to-night!" said Mrs. Trevor,
though you imagined I was going to
cheat you out of your wages! Perhaps I
may give it to you to-morrow; but don't
anxiously me now!"
An expression of keen disappoint-
ment came over the girl's face; but she
turned away and left the room without
a word, while Mrs. Trevor continued
her hurried search, throwing the gleam-
ing jewels and costly ornaments hither
and thither with reckless haste. Appar-
ently the investigation was vain, for at
length she sprang hurriedly to the door,
as if to call back Ellen; and then remem-
bering that the girl had been gone some
time, she stopped, and stood two or
three minutes in deep thought.
Mr. Trevor was sitting before the
dining-room fire, his slippers feet poised
on the fender, in blissful enjoyment of
the evening paper.
"Well, my dear," said the gentleman,
lastly, as his better half's footsteps
crossed the threshold; but as he glanced
up and caught the peculiar expression of
her countenance, he exclaimed: "Sarah,
what is the matter?"
"My diamond ring, Charles—the soli-
taire diamond, you know?"
"What of it?"
"It is gone—stolen—and I have too
much reason to think that Ellen Hope
has taken it."
"Nonsense, my dear," said Trevor,
who had risen and begun to pace up and
down the room. "I would as soon sus-
pect yourself of such a thing! Why,
Ellen is innocent itself!"
"So I always thought—so I should
have said," answered Mrs. Trevor; "but
the diamond ring lay on the table in my
boudoir this morning; two of the serv-
ants saw it there also—and now it is
gone. Ellen is the only person besides
myself who has entered the room since,
and I observed that she was unusually
perturbed when she went away. Charles,
I am sure that she has taken it!"
Trevor stalked up and down the apart-
ment with hurried, angry footsteps—his
wife leaned against the mantel patting
her tiny slipper on the floor, and await-
ing his final decision.
"I am sorry for Ellen—very sorry,"
he said, at length, with a fevered flush
on his face; "but that ring was worth
three hundred guineas. Search the
premises thoroughly once more—and if
it is not found—"
"I will send for the police at once!"
"A thief, Mrs. Trevor, am I suspected
of stealing?"
Ellen Hope had turned as white as
ashes, as she stood with clasped hands
and dilated eyes in the narrow little
room where she dwelt. It was small,
but very, very neat, with its white bed
and the muslin curtain looped away from
its one small window.
"Officers," said Mrs. Trevor, turning
to the policemen, "proceed with your
search; and in case it is fruitless, let the
law take its course. Come, Charles."
She took her husband's arm, and
glided calmly from the room, heedless
of the wild burst of sobs that broke
from the wounded depths of the young
girl's heart.
"Sarah, I do not really think she took
the ring," said Mr. Trevor, pausing un-
easily on the stairs.

"Nonsense!—was it spirited away?"

Are you willing to lose three hundred
guineas rather than detect the thief?"
"Well, Sarah," said the husband,
passing onward, "it ever should trans-
pire that we have been mistaken, I
shall feel as if we had done a cruel and
barbarous thing this day!"
"Good Heaven, Sarah!" exclaimed
Mr. Trevor, one morning, as he was
glancing over the newspaper at the
breakfast table; "it is incredible!"
"What is the matter?"
"Poor Ellen Hope has committed
suicide—poisoned herself last night!"
Mrs. Trevor was more shocked than
she liked to own—she turned very
pale.

"Poisoned herself?"
"Yes—the paragraph goes on to state
that she was driven to the act by star-
vation and misery, never having been
able to obtain employment since she
figured in a certain disgraceful case for
about two months ago. Poor
girl! poor girl! Sarah, I never shall for-
give myself for the part I took in that
affair."

"If I had supposed she was in such
distress, I would have sent her some
relief," said Mrs. Trevor, thoughtfully.
"I am very sorry, though there can be
no doubt but that she stole the ring,
though it cannot be proved; and she
was discharged."

Mr. Trevor went to look at the wasted
corpse of Ellen Hope, as it lay stretched
on the little white bed in the narrow
room. The pale, pretty girl had al-
ways been rather a favorite with the
kind-hearted man; and there was a
nameless pang at his heart as he stood
there, looking down on the marble fore-
head and waxen eyelids of the young
suicide. And when he went away, the
attendants marveled to find a spray of
cream-white roses, just blossoming into
fragrance, laid in the lily hands that
were crossed so meekly on the girl's
breast!

A mild afternoon in April—the sky
clear blue and flecked with soft islets
of floating cloud, and Mrs. Trevor's flowers
giving a perfect sea of sweets around
with a message and a little parcel.
"If you please, ma'am, a gentleman
just returned from China left this—from
Mr. Neville, he says."

Hubert Neville was Mrs. Trevor's fa-
vorite nephew—a wild harum-scarum
fellow, full of fun and life, who had
started for China on some official ap-
pointment the very day—how well she
remembered the date—that suspicious
first overclouded poor Ellen Hope's
life!

She threw aside the unopened packet
and eagerly broke the seal of the letter.
It ran thus:
"My dearest aunt: Pray don't blame
me any more than I deserve for what,
after all, was a mere act of Neville care-
lessness, and I have been uneasy about
it ever since. You remember the day I
came to bid you good-bye, your show-
ing me a diamond solitaire ring, and my
laughingly comparing it to one of much
less value, which I myself wore? Think
of my being thoughtless enough to wear
both rings away on my finger, and never
discovering my mistake until fifty
miles of blue sea rolled between me and
home! I know you must be very
anxious, so I send the diamond to you
by a good friend of mine, who is in a
'homeward bound' craft which passes
our ship this morning.
"Moral.—Don't trust valuable jewels
in the irreverent paws of a careless
young scapegrace again! Love to my
uncle—will write again soon."
"Your affectionate nephew,
"HUBERT."

Mrs. Trevor threw down the letter,
and tore open the package with fingers
that trembled so violently that she could
hardly unfasten the securing bands.
There it lay, trembling in the light like
a great drop of golden water—the di-
amond ring which had been the death
warrant of poor Ellen Hope!
With a piercing scream, she fell back
insensible on the sofa; but it was too
late for the young victim, who had
passed far beyond the reach of earthly
restitution or amends—into the land
where God is eternally just!

"A Deceitful Pack."

On the Sawyer trial, in Plymouth, N.
H., the jury stood six for conviction
and six for acquittal on the first ballot;
afterward there was no change, the final
ballot standing seven for acquittal and
five for conviction. That the gentlemen
of the jury realized the weight of re-
sponsibility resting upon them, and were
firm in their conviction, must be in-
ferred from the contents of a note picked
up in the room; and supposed to have
been written by one of their number, of
which the following is a copy:
"The trial of Moses B. Sawyer has
proved a failure; the jury does not
agree, therefore no verdict. The jury is
a deceitful pack; will this before they
yield. May it please your honor Mr.
Judge you had better send us home."

The St. Louis Republican says that
the question of greatest concern with
the Eastern wheelers at present is
how to become independent of their
drummers and resume the control of
their own business.

Sketch of Mrs. Belknap.

A Washington letter says: The lady
who has been the central figure of the
secretary of war scandal, and to save
whom from exposure every effort has
been made, is thoroughly known in
Washington, where she has been among
the gayest and most fashionable in the
seasons gone by, and especially in the
one just ended. Her equipage and toi-
lets have lived with all. The shock,
therefore, experienced when the revela-
tions made by the investigating com-
mittee were made public can scarcely be
realized by outsiders. The fact that
any lady was even remotely connected
with so great a scandal would have
startled society, but that one who was
so universal a favorite as Mrs. Belknap
was implicated was a denouement which
produced utter consternation.

This lady has been the object of gen-
eral admiration since first she came to
Washington six years ago to visit her
sister, the former wife of Gen. Belknap.
Her handsome face and figure and witty
conversational powers at once made her
a central figure in any assemblage. She
is tall, has a well developed and round-
ed form and graceful carriage. Her fea-
tures are regular, her complexion clear
and fair, while her hair is black, and her
eyes black and very bright. When first
she came to Washington Mrs. Belknap
was the widow of a Mr. Bowers, who
had died some months before in Cin-
cinnati. Her family name was Tomlin-
son, and she was a native of Harrods-
burg, Ky. Her father, Dr. Tomlinson,
was an eminent physician, and highly
connected. He had a large family of
sons and daughters. All of the latter
were noted for their beauty, and were
reigning belles of their native State.

Mrs. Amanda Tomlinson Bowers was
married two years ago to December to
the secretary of war. She was heartily
welcomed to the cabinet circle, and has
held a foremost place among the ladies
who are acknowledged queens in so-
ciety. She has been especially distin-
guished for her ready tact in receiving
the strangers who each week throng the
house of the members of the cabinet.
She always had an appropriate greeting
ready for each comers. She has appeared
and has gone much into society, as from
her position she was compelled to do.
She displayed great taste in dress, and
wears the richest materials.

Prior to her marriage with Gen. Bel-
knap she spent eighteen months in Eu-
rope, and brought her wedding trousseau
with her of her return. Her mar-
riage was solemnized at the residence of
her brother in Harrodsburg, Ky. One
child, a bright little girl, now one year
of age, has blessed the union. Gen.
Belknap is very proud of his first
daughter. His children by his previous
marriage were all sons. Mrs. Belknap
is a devoted mother, and is untiring in
her care of her pretty little Alice,
cheerfully relinquishing any pleasure
when the child needs her presence. She
resided in Cincinnati prior to the death
of her first husband and for a time after-
ward.

We Can Offer No Help for Idiots.

Some strange cases are presented to
us, says the *Agriculturalist*. Here is one.
A couple of well-dressed men drove up
to the house of a well-to-do young
farmer. The strangers are plausible
and pleasant; they have to sell the right
of a new farming mill for that county for
\$1,400. Mr. —, a well-known farmer
in the county, has bought the right for
half the count for \$700. Well-to-do
young farmer bows Mr. —, would be
glad to be associated with him, and the
farmer planks out his \$700 in cash for
the other half the right. The two
well-dressed young men stopped at the
next town over night, and have not been
heard of since. All that the victim
knows of them is that they were well-
dressed, and that of them was named
Smith. We are asked if we "have ever
heard of them?" "Heard of them?"
bless your innocent heart we know
these fellows like a book." They are
not always being famous mill rights;
they keep brooms officers; they have
real estate offices; they run lotteries in
Texas and Wyoming; they offer con-
fidential money in New York; they keep
matrimonial offices in Chicago; they run
quack medicine shops in Buffalo and
other cities; they sell bogus jewelry in
Maine. It is all "Mons. Tonson come
again," this one old humbug we have
known and fight these many years.
This young fellow has paid \$700 for a
less than he ought to have had for much
less. He doesn't write us himself, but
his neighbor does, and we advise that
neighbor, if I do not think the young
man sufficient cured by this operation,
to have him put under a guardian. He
certainly is to be trusted with his
own property.

The readings which farmers are
caught by swindlers has been a
matter of surprise to us, and we can only
account for it by the fact that their isola-
tion keeps them from the knowledge of
the wileways of wicked men. In their
own heaty of purpose and up-
rightness of eating, they cannot con-
ceive that a well-dressed "man," can
be less honest than themselves. If farmers
could become more social, either through
farmers' club meetings, or other means,
they would come together more fre-
quently, and know each other well
enough to be counsel of one another,
they would less open to fraud.

THE TRADES IN NEW YORK.

A Review of the Condition of the
Workingmen—Some Interesting
Figures.

The *Times* publishes a lengthy review
of the labor market of New York city,
giving in detail the various trades and
occupations. Before the panic, it says,
wages were \$4.50 and \$5 per day for
bricklayers, stone masons and carpen-
ters; the unions were in full strength;
and even the unskilled laborers—the hod
carriers, mortar mixers, etc.—had their
unions numbering nearly eight thousand
men, and gave infinite trouble by
strikes. The contraction which followed
the panic was first and most severely felt
by this class of Workmen. Bricklayers
may now be had for \$2 per day; stone
cutters for \$3.50; plasterers, \$2.
The earnings of the varnishers and
polishers have dropped from \$18 to \$10
per week. The paper hangers are no
better. There is little demand for their
services, and wages average about \$10
or \$12 per week. In metal working
trades, there seems to be nearly the
same degree of distress as among the
building trades; the machinists and
blacksmiths, brass and iron molders,
have all suffered heavy reductions of
wages.

Looking over the whole list of trades
enumerated, it appears that while scarce-
ly any have escaped some pressure,
those which have been least affected are
the tailors, shoemakers, hatters and
bakers. Carriage-makers, cigarmakers
and pianomakers are not in great dis-
tress, the falling off in their wages, and
consequently in the demand for their la-
bor, being much less than among brick-
layers and machinists.
Unskilled labor suffers most heavily.
The longshoremen's union has only a
nominal existence, and the laborers' union
is entirely broken up. Laborers may
be made in any numbers for \$1 per
day.
The *Times*, in its tables, says that
the strength of the protective unions in
the city was in 1875 fully 48,180; now
the same unions number 17,380. Of the
58,850 mechanics and laborers outside of
the unions 21,420 are now idle.

A Boy and His Mother-in-Law.

Jim Beattie, went into the saloon of their
brother-in-law, Ben Chambers, at Santa
Rosa, California. Briggs called for a
drink, which was given to him. Briggs
asked Chambers to take a drink, which
Chambers refused to do. "This made
Briggs mad. He threw down the bot-
tle and leaped against the bar. Cham-
bers went into the back room and got
his shotgun, raised it and fired at
Briggs. A man standing near Briggs
saw Chambers taking aim, and had pres-
ence of mind enough to step back, as
the gun was leveled. He was just in time.
A crashing report followed, part of the
charge striking Briggs in the side and
part striking Beattie, who was near.
Beattie ran out of the saloon to the
saloon of C. J. Son, about fifty yards dis-
tant, and jumped through the glass
door, cutting his head badly. He died
as he struck the floor. The last words
he said were, as he ran toward the sa-
loon: "I believe I am shot."

Briggs had fallen in his tracks from
the effect of the shot. Chambers ap-
proached him, struck him with his gun,
jumped on him and stabbed him three
times. Briggs' little son, Willie,
was with him, and tried to stop Cham-
bers from stabbing his father. Cham-
bers chased him around and threatened
to kill him. Willie ran out into the
street, crying: "He has killed my father!
He has killed my father! I tried
hard to get him away! Oh, my poor
father!" Willie went in, leaped over
the body, counted the wounds and cried
out for his father to speak to him.
Chambers was arrested and taken to
jail.

Still Another Case.

A new illustration of the danger of
allowing children to have firearms was
afforded in Cincinnati, recently. Two
boys in some way procured a pistol
which they took home, and asked for
money to buy some cartridges for it.
This was refused, but the younger, aged
thirteen years, obtained some pennies,
and, unknown to his brother, bought a
few cartridges, loaded the weapon and
put it under his pillow. The other
brother, aged sixteen years, spent the
evening at a neighbor's, and on return-
ing home saw the handle of the pistol
under his brother's head. Thinking to
frighten him he drew out the pistol and
placing it close to his brother's ear pulled
the trigger. It exploded, causing a fatal
wound.

The Temptations of Washington.

Referring to Secretary Belknap's case
the *Newark (N. J.) Advertiser* says:
These things have happened in Wash-
ington before. Women, dandies and
bearded by the associations of the
capital, are as likely to lose their sense
of honor in money as any man. There
was a remarkable instance in Mr. Lin-
coln's wife, which ought to be a sugges-
tion to Belknap, if he is innocent. He
went before a committee and told them
that an important public paper had been
published by his wife and published
without his knowledge. The sincere
anguish he felt led the committee to con-
ceal the facts, as public policy demand-
ed they should, but the event is a part
of the unwritten history of the war and
one of its most painful incidents.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Mother and Three Children Down
in a Coal Mine.

Mineral Addition—one of the suburban
glories of Zanesville, Ohio, was the
scene of a thrilling adventure, recently.
Mineral Addition, as is well known, is
rich in black diamonds, and its hills
have been tunneled in all directions by
enterprising miners in search of the hid-
den treasures. No one, perhaps, thought
that these excavations would ever affect
the surface, and least of all did the in-
habitants of that locality suspect that
the bottom would drop out of their cel-
lars. Even now there is no positive as-
surance that another incident of the
kind which startled the Mineral Addi-
tion folks will never again take place.
We have not to deal with the future, but
simply to state what has transpired.
On the occasion referred to three lit-
tle boys, sons of John Huhlen, were
amusing themselves by playing "ghost,"
whatever that is. One of the little boys,
in looking about for a place to secrete
himself, noticed that the door of the cel-
lar under the house was open, and in he
popped. In a moment after the other
boys were startled at hearing cries of
distress issuing apparently from the cel-
lar, and, looking about for their brother,
found that he was gone. One of the
lads, in his eagerness to solve the mys-
tery, rushed into the cellar, and soon
after the mysterious cries for assistance
came with redoubled force.

The third boy then darted into a chorus
of voices pleading for help reached the
mother's ears, who was busily engaged
in her household work in a room above.
The mother recognized the half-moan-
ed cries as coming from children, per-
haps her children, and halting a mo-
ment as if to reassure herself, dashed
out into the yard to find her three boys
gone. She cast a hurried glance about
the yard in which the children were ac-
customed to play, but could see nothing
of them.

The cries of help grew weaker and
the terrified woman, filled with feelings
of the greatest alarm for her loved ones,
rushed into the cellar and disappeared.
Down, down she went into a dark
chamber, to find her three boys lying al-
tered by the fatal blow, nearly suffo-
cated by the falling earth. She tore them
all her might for assistance, and for-
tunately her cries were heard by John
Waters, who happened to be passing.
He ran around to the cellar door and
cautiously looked in, to find that the
whole bottom had dropped out of sight.
He could hear Mrs. Huhlen's cries for
help, but could not see either her or the
children.

Waters procured a light, but, upon
entering the door, it was immediately
extinguished. He then procured a long
pole and assisted the unfortunate woman
and her three boys to reach the open air
again. One of the lads was almost over-
come by the fire damp, and the other
two, as well as the mother, were terribly
frightened. An examination of the
premises revealed the fact that a coal
bank twenty-eight feet below the surface
had caved in, carrying the floor of the
cellar down a distance of twelve or
fifteen feet. But for the timely arrival
of Mr. Waters serious results would un-
doubtedly have ensued.

A Model City.

Dr. Richardson gave a sketch before
the recent social science congress, held
at Brighton, England, of a model city
which he proposed to call Hygeia. He
assumed the population to be 100,000,
and gave them 20,000 houses, built upon
40,000 acres of land. Tall buildings
overshadowing the streets were not to
be permitted; each story was limited to
fifteen feet, and no house could be
built upon solid arches of brick work,
and the main traffic was to be carried
on in sub-ways and underground rail-
ways. The kitchens, pantries and wash-
rooms had their location immediately
under the roof, and the chimneys were
to be so arranged that the smoke would
be drawn into a central shaft, and after
being put through a gas furnace to de-
stroy the free carbon, would be dis-
charged colorless into the air. Each
dweller would be allowed 1,200 cubic
feet; no carpets would be displayed, but
an oak flooring, to be kept clean and
bright by a regular application of wax
and turpentine. Hospitals were to be
provided for every 5,000 people, each
patient to have a well ventilated room
to himself. Minute directions for eat-
ing, sleeping, dressing, and burying the
dead were given, the whole scheme em-
bracing the most important scientific
principles.

The Newspaper Borrower.

Of all the ills that earth, or society is
heir to, that of the newspaper borrower
is the most obnoxious. Newspaper bor-
rowers have no sense of respect, no
idea of honor, and are totally devoid of
modesty. They are a class of people
who may justly be termed vampires, who
feed upon the fruits of others. They
prefer to borrow your newspaper, but if
they cannot borrow, they do not hesitate
to steal it. As an article of value, they
think a newspaper is worthless, and yet
they will lie, and if needs be, commit
larceny, to become possessed of it.

Men who fail in business have one
thing to console them—lots of other busi-
ness men are hard up.

Items of Interest.

Every year the United States sends
twenty-five millions or so to France, for
silks.

A hint to mothers—In getting up a
suit of clothes for a boy, if you wish to
make his trousers last finish the coat
first.

A New Jersey woman sleeps with her
foot out of bed, so that the cold air
may awaken her if a burglar opens the
window.

Statistics show that the average hog
in the United States last year weighed
221 pounds. This year he weighs 268
pounds.

The first white child was born in Iowa
thirty-six years ago, and is now living.
To-day there are over 500,000 Hawkeyes
by birth.

What a fortunate thing it is to be an
editor, says a Somerville (Mass.) paper.
We have just been presented with a
liard with two tails.

If George Washington could only have
been here to take part in his birthday
ceremonies! But of course a man can't
be everywhere at once.